

The Critic

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On the Despised Adjective.

'WRITE your article; then, in going over it for correction, draw your pen through all the adjectives.' It is a good rule on the whole; if the question lay between all adjectives or no adjectives, unquestionably we should vote for none. The average school-girl would be quite as well off without them, and when we remember what excellent poetry Homer wrote without them, it becomes a question whether, even in these days of poetry that is so largely descriptive, our poets need rely on adjectives after all. Indeed, to examine carefully the best bits of description in these days, when no poet would be satisfied with simply saying of a place, as Homer did, that 'around grew poplars,' you will find almost invariably that the 'effects' rarely depend on a mere adjective. Most of our poets are open to the charge of Mine Host in 'The Spanish Gypsy':

Pooh! thou'rt a poet, crazed with finding words
May stick to things and seem like qualities.

They spend their days and nights, not in the study of Addison, but in trying, like the man in Aristophanes, to think of 'something ingenious to say about smoke;' but the words which they are 'crazed with trying to find' are rarely adjectives. It is easy enough to find an adjective; to write about 'airy fairy Lilian' and 'rare, pale Margaret,' and even to hit on an adjective whose 'pathetic fallacy,' like that of Kingsley's 'cruel, crawling foam,' shall be effective enough to satisfy even Ruskin; but the poet knows that the words to 'stick to things and seem like qualities,' are combinations of words, or quite as often a phrase, a verb, or a noun, as an adjective. The marvellous description of Lady Godiva's ride, or of Enoch Arden's loneliness on the desert island, does not depend upon the adjectives. Adjectives there are, but the effect does not come from them. It was not, in Lady Godiva's case, that 'the little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout' had 'cunning eyes,' but that they had 'cunning eyes to see;' not that the walls were 'blind,' but that the blind walls 'were full of chinks and holes;' not that the gables were fantastic, but that the 'fantastic gables stared.' In that other wonderful description of the Land of the Lotos-Eaters, how little reliance on adjectives! How perfect the realizing sense that the single phrase, a land 'where it seemed always afternoon,' may be of infinitely more value as description than any accumulation of adjectives! There must be poppies there, but they shall not be 'red' poppies, nor 'brilliant' poppies, nor 'lovely' poppies; they shall be poppies that on the crazy ledge 'hang in sleep,' remembering that Shakespeare could find no adjective to express the beauty of that description, 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.' There must be roses with the poppies; not pink roses, nor fragrant roses, nor dewy roses; but roses whose petals 'lie upon the grass.' And there shall be a sunset; not a glowing sunset, but one to enhance the dreaminess of the description because it seems to 'linger' in the west. Even in that revel of description in the garden of Maud, the flowers are not beautiful, or exquisite, or even, with 'pathetic fallacy,' sad or

dreamy or weary; they are flowers that listen, and whisper, and wait, and weep, and dance, and hear, and lie awake; they are doing, not being; feeling, not looking; sympathizing, not waiting to be decorated with adjectives about their own beauty. In 'H. H.'s wonderfully descriptive lines, 'the fleet, lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat,' the effect lies, not in the fact that the poppies were fleet, or lithe, but that they 'ran.' It is not on its adjectives that the ringing line,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,

depends for its effect of sound and motion; not on its adjectives alone that the stately lines,

Cold on the convent roof the snows

Lie sparkling to the moon,

rely for giving the tone of religious purity to the landscape which shall bring it into harmony with the spiritual significance of the poem. It was not so much that the snows were 'cold' or that they were 'sparkling,' as that they were snow, that they lay on a convent roof, and that they sparkled, not to the dazzling, responsive sun, but to the cold, uncaring, unresponsive moon, that made no effort to melt them with its shining. Shakespeare—who never used a superfluous word, from whose work it has been said you might as well try to take a single word without marring the effect as to hope to knock a single brick with your forefinger out of a solid wall—knew that adjectives were not enough to rely on for description. He did not hesitate to prop up an adjective sometimes with whole lines. He knew it was not enough to call a woman 'chaste,' but to describe her as being

Chaste as the icicle

That's curdled by the frost from purest snow

And hangs on Dian's temple,

and he knew he had produced an effect of white and perfect purity not to be denied or cavilled at.

Nor should we suffer greatly in daily practical life if the supply of adjectives were cut off. The man who shouts 'Fire!' under the window is more likely to receive attention than the one who announces 'a dangerous and terrible conflagration.' The heathen Chinese whom you tell to make a good bright fire with just a little coal in the parlor, as it is chilly and the evening may be cool, is said to stare at you in helpless ignorance, till in sheer despair you shout at him, 'Fire! north room!' when he retires to do your bidding to perfection. There are certain adjectives which one has learned to hate the sight of. 'I don't care what you say about my work,' said a despairing author, 'if you only won't say it is *quaint*!' If you open a novel and find a room in it with 'a few rare engravings on the wall,' how easy it is to construct the rest of the story!—to foresee the 'dainty suppers' that will be served up to somebody every few pages, and to know that when the people speak they will 'say softly' or 'answer archly' or 'laugh merrily,' as people do who have little but adjectives and adverbs at command. 'Awful' and 'lovely,' descriptive as they are, have long been set aside for the sweet girl graduate; and where is the adjective that one is actually fond of? Therefore, since the epic poets used no adjectives, and the lyrical and descriptive poets do not need to rely on them, and in practical life we can do very well without them, draw your pen through them if you find them beginning to glitter in your pages. Whether, like good commonplace Cowper, you find yourself always mentioning the green grass or the yellow buttercups or the white snow, or whether, like Rossetti and Tennyson, you have a Wordsworthian horror of calling a yellow primrose merely a yellow primrose and so insist on describing it as 'wan' or 'pensive' or 'pale,' draw your pen alike through the adjectives.

And yet, the right adjective in the right place is an undeniably effective weapon. We have seen that if the world has suffered lately from over-description, it is not necessarily the adjectives that are to be blamed. Indeed, to indulge in a few good adjectives is sometimes to guard against

over-description. What is it, for instance, that makes Mr. Arnold's gardens so cool and classical and Homeric when compared with Tennyson's? Partly because he uses so few adjectives, but partly, too, because he would describe roses as red and larkspur as blue and passion-flowers as purple and lilies as tall, instead of making them weep and long and smile and whisper and dance. In other words, he would use adjectives instead of verbs. Better use one magnificent adjective, like Virgil's 'pulcherrima' for his Dido, than drag out a description of your 'Gardener's Daughter' to twenty lines of elaborate rhetoric. Old Homer was wise when he did not try to describe Helen, except by announcing the effect she produced: when she passed, the old men rose in reverence. And yet I am by no means sure that he was not wiser still when he slipped in that one little adjective *old*. Of course the young men would have risen in delight and ready homage; but she was so beautiful that the old men rose. Ah, yes! there are adjectives and adjectives. What could take the place of Browning's 'rubies *courageous* at heart?' or of Tennyson's '*wrinkled* sea?' or of the 'long, *withdrawing* roar' of Arnold's ocean? What, again could take the place of Mr. Arnold's brief description of a description as *adequate*? Shall we ever forget Mr. James's recent description of Boston as 'not mysterious'? An editor once accepted four lines of poetry with the request that he be allowed to change the one word *that* to *whether*. The change transformed the bit of verse from prosaic statement to dreamy, speculative, poetic doubt and dread. A little word may make a great difference. Better than heaped-up funereal adjectives in its simple majesty of statement is Milton's Homeric touch, 'For Lycidas is dead!' The sorrow, the awfulness, the shock, the mysterious dread, are all there, without superfluous adjectives or adverbs. And yet it is possible to add the modern touch without lessening the effect; as in the first line of the little poem of Mr. Lathrop's after the death of his boy:

Do you remember, my sweet *absent* son,
'Absent,' not dead! O no, he is not dead! somewhere he
is living still—happy, waiting! But for us, he is *absent*,
forever absent! No heart but knows the pathos of that
adjective.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

Reviews

Colonial New York.*

A WORTHY history of colonial New York, which shall show the part which Dutch civilization has played in the formation of our nation and government, is still a desideratum. It is no secret to the student of Holland and Dutch history, that most of the ideas so boasted of as peculiar to the Pilgrims and New England are of Dutch, and not of English, origin. Many, if not the majority of the early American pioneers of freedom, toleration, military energy, and legal ability, received their training in Holland, and not in England. Two of the most eminent outside of Massachusetts, Roger Williams and William Penn, were trained in Dutch ideas, language and literature. Their culture was of free Holland. The former received his notions of aboriginal tenure of land, and liberality in worship, from his Dutch studies, while William Penn was half Dutchman, for he had a Dutch mother. He did what the Dutch had done before him in Pennsylvania, in buying the land he occupied. Not only had the Pilgrims, and other leaders of colonies to New England, been refugees in Holland, but Sirs Thomas Gates and Dale, and Samuel Argall of Virginia, Miles Standish, Captain John Mason, and Lyon Gardiner of New England had been officers of the Dutch army. The common-school system, the ideas of recognizing Indian claims to the soil, and purchasing them, the method of recording deeds of

land, now our national procedure, were Dutch and not English. In many lines of enterprise the leaders of colonies to New England simply put in practice what they had seen in long operation in Holland. The commercial supremacy of New York is but the outcome of the mercantile skill of the Netherlands who settled the city.

The Dutch did not, indeed, come to America as refugees flying from religious persecution. They had no need to be 'pilgrims.' Their republic, their township system, their representation for taxation, their freedom, toleration and Protestant faith, were already secured. They were a century in advance of old England politically, and a long way ahead of New England in religious tolerance. The Dutch in New York not only tolerated the religious refugees driven out of intolerant Puritan land in Massachusetts, but they allowed freedom to all faiths. When Stuyvesant abused the Quakers, he was rebuked by the authorities in Holland. They had the first organized Church and the first Church building under roof in the territory now covered by the United States. With their first settled emigrants came schoolmaster and minister. They preached the Gospel to the Indians four years before John Eliot. Furthermore, the question of resistance to the English governors, and the preparation of the colonies for resistance and revolution against Great Britain, were wrought out mainly in New York by the Dutch. And in the Revolution, New York was the only State of the thirteen that paid up all her quotas, in men, in money, and in supplies. Though Mr. Bancroft in the revised edition of his history does much more justice to these facts than in his older text, he is still far from correct in his sense of the proportion of truth. Even Lodge, in his lectures on the colonies, shows too much the influence of Irving's caricatures, which are too generally accepted as genuine history 'down East.'

In his 'Colonial New York,' Mr. George Schuyler, of Ithaca, has brought out into historic light some of the contributions of the Hollanders to our American civilization; but, after all, his book is rather a collection of materials to serve than a history. The beautifully printed and bound and well-indexed brace of volumes are full of facts. In the thousand or more pages is given the history of the prominent members of the Schuyler family, who have been so eminent in the history of New York. From the first Mayor of Albany (which city will celebrate its bi-centennial anniversary in July of this year) to Eugene Schuyler (son of the author), our honored diplomat, who helped to change the face of south-eastern Europe, the line is a brilliant one. Governors, generals, lawyers, diplomats, clergyman, authors and scholars, with famous women, make up the bead-roll of a noble line. The map of the Empire State bears further witness to their pioneer energy, wealth, and success in reclaiming the soil and planting settlements. The plan of the work is to trace out the history of families founded by eminent members of the Schuyler stock, and after a text of history which touches at many points state or national affairs, to set forth the genealogy of each. Occasional repetitions must thus of necessity occur. The style is easy and readable, but the beauty of the whole is its substantial truth. Not only has the author the judicial mind, but every important statement is fortified by documentary evidence. Unfortunately, Mr. Schuyler does not always state just where his assertions may be proved. Some examination, however, of the original Dutch and English records in the archives of Albany, and the assurance of those in charge of them, has shown us that 'the written word' has been continually made use of by the author. Hence, though upsetting some old traditions in regard to early New York, the value of the book as a transcript of actual history is unusually great.

We are sorry, by the way, to see so polished a scholar and so blue-blooded a New Yorker spell a pure Latin word in the Scotch-hybrid, instead of the genuine Latin way as sanctioned by centuries of use in Holland and New York, South Africa, the East and West Indies, and wherever the Dutch

* Colonial New York: Philip Schuyler and His Family. By George W. Schuyler. 2 vols. \$10. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Reformed Church exists. The title of address of a clergyman and pastor of a Reformed Church is Domine. A Scotch schoolmaster may be a dominie: let him be. A Dutch schoolmaster is never called either a dominie or a domine, but a minister is always domine. Webster had better reform, for the half-million or so people of the Reformed Church in America will always call their parsons domine, however the printers may spell it.

An American Assyria.*

STUDENTS of history and of ethnology in both hemispheres are at last becoming alive to the fact that we have in Central America an occidental Assyria, which is in many ways as interesting, as mysterious, and as well deserving of study as the buried empire of Mesopotamia. If the extinct cities and literatures of the West were not as ancient and as extensive as those of the East, they have at least the interest of presenting to us novel phases of life and peculiar forms of social development, which are full of instruction. The nations of the Maya stock, who inhabited chiefly Yucatan and Guatemala, were the most advanced in civilization among the Central American communities. They had not only regular forms of settled government, and populous cities, full of large and well-built edifices, but they had an elaborate system of computing time and recording dates, with a peculiar graphic method, which yet awaits decipherment. If this method was not as complete as those of Egypt and Assyria, it evidently far surpassed the picture-writing of the Mexicans. Soon after the Spanish conquest, the learned men of the Maya nations, who had acquired from the Catholic missionaries the use of the Roman alphabet in writing their own language, busied themselves in preserving the historical traditions and religious myths of their people. These native histories, after remaining for three centuries in manuscript, are now beginning to see the light.

To the late Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, an enthusiastic and indefatigable investigator, belongs the credit of drawing the attention of the learned world to these records, and of publishing some of the most important of them. His versions and comments were disfigured by many errors and by some fantastic and absurd theories. Much that he did will have to undergo revision; and many competent students are now engaged in this task. But his most severe critics willingly acknowledge the extent and value of his researches. Among those who have pursued these studies with good results, the names of Rosny, Stoll, Schultz-Sellack, Rau, Thomas, Brinton, and Charencey deserve special mention. The latest contributions to this literature have been two publications of the last-named writers, which, appearing at the same time, confirm and illustrate each other. They are derived from similar sources, each being evidently a memorial, prepared for a law-suit, in which, soon after the conquest, some member of an ancient Indian family set forth the 'titulo,' or legal title, under which he held, or claimed, the possessions of his lineage.

The Cakchiquels and the Quichés (the latter not to be confounded with the Peruvian Quichuas) were two nations of the Maya stock, who occupied, side by side, a portion of the present state of Guatemala. Each nation had a splendid capital city, adorned with vast and stately palaces and temples of stone, which excited the admiration of their conquerors. Each had traditions recording the origin of their ancestors in some mystical western land, to which they gave the name of Tula, and narrating their migration eastward, across some sea or body of water, to their later abode. The account of their wanderings comprises many singular adventures, some of which bear a curious resemblance to those preserved in the 'Migration legend of the Creeks' (which, with Mr. Gatschet's introduction, forms the subject of a

previous volume of Dr. Brinton's series)—a like character and similar circumstances having produced like results. How much of the earlier narrative is genuine history, and how much is mythologic invention, we have not, and shall probably never have, any means of deciding. But that the later portions are, for the most part, authentic relations of actual events, there is no reason for doubting. The agreement in certain points between independent records is always deemed one of the most satisfactory evidences of their truth. In the present instance, for example, we have two records separately compiled, the one by a Cakchiquel prince, and the other by a Quiché 'lord,' both describing one of the principal events in the annals of the two nations—the complete overthrow of the Quiché power by the Cakchiquel rulers. There is just enough resemblance and unlikeness between the two accounts to show that the narrators were describing the same event from different points of view. There is good reason to believe that further investigations will put us in possession of a tolerably full and trustworthy history of some of the central American nations for two or three centuries at least prior to the era of Columbus. Dr. Brinton's volume is one of those complete and satisfying treatises, marked by careful research, clear exposition, and judicious comment, to which he has accustomed his readers. The translation bears every mark of painstaking fidelity; and the introduction, notes and vocabulary supply all the aids that a student will need. It is to be hoped that the present work will be followed by the Popol Vuh of the Quichés—that remarkable record to which Brasseur's fanciful interpretations gave special notoriety, and which, under Dr. Brinton's recension, will assume its proper place and permanent value.

The Comte de Charencey, who has achieved a distinguished reputation by his many works on American ethnology, and particularly his researches into the languages and mythology of Central America, has given us an excellent rendering of a Spanish version of the ancient 'Titulo,' or memorial, of the 'Lords of Totonicapan,' who belonged to the Quiché nation. The memorial was written in the native language in 1554, and was translated into Spanish in 1834 by Father D. J. Chonay, a Catholic priest of Indian origin. The original manuscript is said to be in existence; and the readers of the present translation will join in the hope expressed by its author that the native work may soon be printed. Its purport and value have already been indicated. It is not likely that the mystery of the Maya hieroglyphics, which is now attacked by so many able and persevering investigators, will remain much longer unsolved. Whenever the solution is achieved, we shall be better able to judge of the grade of culture which the nations who employed this graphic system had attained. We know enough already to assure us that this grade was, as in the case of the Assyrians, much higher than had been suspected before the researches of later years were commenced.

Mr. Gosse on English Classical Poetry.*

FOR the sake of convenience it may be said that Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. E. W. Gosse, and Mr. Andrew Lang form a literary school, the aims and achievements of which are at least as homogeneous as those of some of the famous schools in the history of literature. All three are poets; all have tried, with varying but not inconsiderable success, to express true and poetic thought in quaint verse; and all have shown a genuine interest in pure literature and in literary criticism. One of them—Mr. Lang—is the author of the best critical essay on Poe yet printed; and though the others have not discussed American themes save incidentally, both Mr. Gosse and Mr. Dobson have an American public.

The lectures composing the present volume were delivered, almost entire, by Mr. Gosse in Boston, in New York, at

* 1. The Annals of the Cakchiquels. The original text, with a translation, notes, and introduction. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. 2. (Brinton's Library of Aboriginal American Literature, No. VI.) Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton. 3. Título de los Señores de Totonicapan. Titre Généalogique des Seigneurs de Totonicapan. Traduit de l'Espagnol par M. de Charencey. Alençon: 1885.

* From Shakspeare to Pope: an Inquiry into the Causes and Phenomena of the Rise of Classical Poetry in England. By Edmund Gosse. \$1.75. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Johns Hopkins University, and at Yale College, during his American tour last winter; they are therefore familiar to a goodly number of our readers, while others have read recent comments upon or extracts from them in the columns of this journal. They form a readable, original and suggestive commentary upon one of the most interesting periods in English literature. Upon that period Taine has commented brilliantly and sometimes justly, but Mr. Gosse, having reread the poets of the time, and not a few unfamiliar authorities thereupon, presents a review, and a theory, of his own. That theory is, in brief, that classicism, and polish, and neatness, and complete French couplets, came into English verse with Edmund Waller. The book might almost have been entitled 'The Influence of Waller upon British Poetry.' This theory was broached and defended by Mr. Gosse in Ward's *English Poets*, and has since been patiently and fully elaborated. The author unquestionably pushes it too far, as proprietors of novel critical theories are apt to do; but in its elucidation he throws new light upon an important theme. His broader argument, to which even Waller is made subservient, is that 'it was an absolute necessity, if English poetry was to exist, that a period of executive severity and attention to form should succeed the hysterical riot of the Jacobean,' and that upon the work of the English classicist, subsequent English poets, romantic and other, really rested in large part. This argument is ably and conclusively supported, in a volume which will instruct the English reader, and delight the French, to whom English liberty in language and literature seems a dreadful license. Why did not the author, or at any rate the publishers, of this handsome volume, increase its usefulness by the addition of an index? A literary history without an index is, in these days, an anachronism.

Laing's "Modern Science and Thought."*

THE Hon. Samuel Laing is less known as an author than as a practical man in business and in politics. President of the first Crystal Palace Association, founder of the permanent exhibition at Sydenham, builder and director of railroads in France, Holland, and Canada, Minister of Finance in India, and for a number of years Member of Parliament, he has filled a greater number of important places than often fall to the lot of one Englishman; and he has filled them well. Is this fact due to his lifelong interest in science and in speculative thought, or is it by abstention from authorship, and in spite of Lamarck, Darwin, Renan, Comte, and Herbert Spencer that he has made such a successful career? The volume before us will help us to answer this question. It is the work of an energetic and active nature which has found practical affairs insufficient to occupy it exclusively, — of a mind which has found the time, in spite of business pressure, to assimilate the most important researches and conclusions of modern science in many departments, and to set them down in this eminently readable volume in a form which attests both the ardor and the sincerity of the writer's nature.

What has science discovered in our time, — what does it teach us as to our own origin and nature, what of our destiny and that of the world we inhabit? And especially, what is to become of theology in the presence of scientific fact? These are substantially the questions discussed in Mr. Laing's 'Science and Thought.' He has not propounded new theories or contributed new data to the discussion. In the first part of his book he has aimed to present in coherent shape the facts and hypotheses, whether in geology, cosmogony or the history of human development, 'which have become the common property of thinking minds.' Chapters on physics, astronomy, and geology lead up to a full discussion of the antiquity of man; and among its proofs, some of the clever drawings of men and animals, at least a hundred thousand years old, made upon bones found in caverns

of France and Switzerland, are reproduced (p. 125). They show that races of strong artistic instincts existed in those countries in the palæolithic Age. The whole story of our growth from the animal to the spiritual, as far as that story has been deciphered, forms the main topic that is treated, with great knowledge and great fairness, in the first part of Mr. Laing's discussion.

The conclusions of the second part may be somewhat disquieting, but they are drawn with equal fairness. How far can orthodox England and America retain their orthodoxy in the face of the facts noted? Orthodoxy, says Mr. Laing, must vanish like a dream. The Scriptural cosmogony, the Scriptural miracles, the whole fabric of the supernatural, whether a part of our own or of other religions, is fast passing away. Nor need its disparition be regretted; for the sense of duty, the one distinctive human trait, will remain, and it will become stronger and clearer in the course of the very evolution which distinguishes its realities from theological fictions. These conclusions, which are those of the majority of scientific men, come with a shock of mild surprise from a writer who is not a theorist or a scientist, but who, as a successful English man of affairs, would seem pledged to conformity by every social, political and commercial tie. However one may feel as to accepting Mr. Laing's conclusions, one cannot but admire the intelligence, dignity and fairmindedness with which he has set them before the world.

Hugo's Lyrics in English.*

AN anthology of the best translations of Victor Hugo's lyrics has long been a desideratum. These translations lay treasured up in obscure periodicals, scattered far and wide in the works of individual translators, or buried in the quarterly magazines. Many people had 'tried their hand,' as the phrase is, on this difficult poet, and many found that to attempt to follow him was like following a will-o'-the-wisp: he was unattainable, fugitive, intangible as a perfume. Beautiful as his 'Orientales' were in French, they became, under the hand of the translators, 'Occidental' enough, in that sense of dismal failure which we may attach to many a 'Western' aspiration. The world rang with his praises, and yet there was no adequate presentation of him in English. Those who loved him and saw the celestial flash of his verse struggled to apprehend him in those delicate and lovely and fragile French verse-forms of which he was such a master, and which are so impossibly difficult to imitate, translate, or present in another language. This collection shows a conscientious knowledge of the many hiding-places of the English versions of the poet. The collector and editor is a ferret who has unearthed or scented out many fine renderings by Father Prout, Toru Dutt, J. L. O'Sullivan, the author of 'Critical Essays,' Edwin Arnold, Edward Dowden, Garnett, Jerrold, Chorley and Fanny Kemble. These, though of varying merit, make an excellent representative collection. Many of them are highly skilful and musical, like Toru Dutt's 'La Vache'; and there are accompanying lines of Tennyson and Swinburne to glorify even this 'cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears.' The poems are handsomely printed, but they appear in that sombre 'Bohn' binding which has sent many a fastidious reader from the general collection with a thrill of horror. Why cannot this remarkable and often meritorious library of translations and useful books be snatched from the doom of dull covers?

THE North American Publishing Co. announce for publication in April 'Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, by Distinguished Men of his Time,' collected and edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, of *The North American Review*. These sketches have appeared from time to time in the newspaper syndicate organized by Mr. Rice. They were too valuable to receive only this ephemeral publication, and we are glad to hear of their promised reappearance in book form.

* Modern Science and Modern Thought. By S. Laing, M.P. London: Chayman & Hall.

* Selections, Chiefly Lyrical, from the Poetical Works of Victor Hugo. Collected by H. L. Williams. New York: Scribner & Welford.

Recent Fiction.

TURNING the leaves of 'Alter His Kind,' by John Coventry (Holt's Leisure Hour Series), one sees such a jumble of many and queer names, odd talk, and most singular incidents, flavored with a good deal of evident unpleasantness, that one is tempted to believe the book written either by a madman or by Thomas Hardy, or possibly by the author of 'The Entailed Hat.' The name on the title-page shuts out Mr. Hardy, but reading the book does not acquit the madman. It is hard to make head or tail of it, and though one discovers finally that the plot is made to turn on a young woman's personification at times of another character in the story, one is hardly interested enough to go back and pick up the threads of the labyrinth to see whether the personification has been ingenious or not.—'A Lone Star Bo-Peep,' by Howard Seely (New York: W. L. Merston & Co.), is a collection of short stories of Texan ranch life. They are very amusing, with a Bret-Harteian flavor of entertainment; and we remember one of them as a particularly good magazine story when it first appeared in that form. A few of the anecdotes introduced, such as Gen. Sheridan's opinion of Texas, are rather flat because familiar; but there are many scenes and descriptions which are quite original and very laughter-provoking; while some of the situations, like the dramatic close to 'The Mystery of San Saba,' are full of a weird power that promises well for the versatility of a new author.

IT IS seldom that one finds so much of charm mingled with so much of thought in a little story aiming apparently only to entertain, as in the pretty 'Anglo-French romance,' 'Half-Way.' Its charm is unique in kind, and recalls no writer with whom we are familiar. The curious complications of English travellers on French soil, of a young convert to Rome and another young convert to the life of a Protestant sisterhood, both pausing half-way, yet not to fall in love with each other, are most cleverly managed, with the help of a wise, strong Suffolk nurse, whose piquant sayings are as good in their way as Mrs. Poyser's. The book is extremely entertaining, but the suggestive talks on religious matters leave one with food for reflection also.—'Mrs. Dymond' is less interesting than we expect Mrs. Ritchie's work to be, remembering the fascination of 'Old Kensington' and the 'Village on the Cliff.' Miss Thackeray has always dealt with the simplest material, but in 'Mrs. Dymond' the simplicity degenerates into the commonplace, with little of the delicate charm which pervaded her earlier work.—'The Bachelor Vicar of Newforth,' by Mrs. J. Harcourt-Roe, begins well, with a very creditable mystery and some bright conversation that promises much amusement. The promise fails, however: the mystery proves to be an extremely hackneyed and foolish one, and the love scenes are quite intolerable. The above three volumes appear in Harper's Handy Series.

'THE Story of Margaret Kent,' by Henry Hayes (Ticknor & Co.), fulfils the first duty of a novel in being interesting. It is a dainty story, full of grace and tenderness and color, and its interest is the more striking because it depends only in one direction upon perfect simplicity of detail, and in another upon the somewhat hackneyed sensationalism of severe illnesses with remarkable cures of the people whom it is desirable to cure, and the death of uncomfortable people who are better out of the way. It is a pity that it dwells upon a divorce, even though the husband and wife are not divorced after all, and there are rather too many lovers in the story for belief, and the successful one is apparently the result of being obliged to have a hero of some kind. But the story holds its charm through all. For a society novel it gives the graceful worldliness of fashionable New York with piquant vividness, and the graceful makeshifts of New York Bohemians with sympathy and cleverness. The firelight and flowers shine in our own rooms for the time being, and the fragrance lingers as a pleasant memory. The little child in the story is a delightful one, and the author's greatest skill has been lavished on the mother. We feel her bewitching beauty to our fingertips, and understand precisely the lovable charm which clung to her through many misfortunes and some unwise mistakes, making her on the whole as sweet as she was unwise.

THAT an author should suppose he had a story to tell, with only the hackneyed elements of an artist hero falling in love in his vacation with a rustic model whom he leaves in the fall to die of a broken heart, is surprising. Mr. Story's 'Fiametta' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a disappointment, because these hackneyed elements are not treated with special insight into the

heart of man, and because the artist hero, while by implication not quite so bad as many others might have been in the same situation, is bad enough, and such a prig in the kind of virtue with which his conscience saves him from the worst consequences to himself or his victim, while allowing him indulgence to a sorry extent for the poor girl, that he is on the whole quite intolerable, as well as uninteresting. The dull features of the book are indeed redeemed to some extent by the local color, which is beautifully managed, and which, being that of Italy, is always picturesque and pleasing.

Minor Notices

THE literary reputation of the late Edmund Quincy, of Dedham, Mass., has chiefly rested, of late years, upon his admirable life of his father, Josiah Quincy, whom Mr. Lowell calls 'a great public character.' But Mr. Edmund Quincy used to be known as a good story-teller and magazinist; and his son did a desirable service to our literature by collecting, recently, 'Wensley and Other Stories,' of the days when Edmund Quincy shared in the work of *Putnam's Monthly* as it strove to give New York a new and better literature. Now comes, also edited by the younger Quincy, 'The Haunted Adjutant, and Other Stories' (Ticknor & Co.)—well-written tales, reminding the reader of Irving, but more directly prelude the present era of the 'American short story,' so dear to the heart of *The Saturday Review*. The frontispiece is a fine heliotype of the author: a more faithful representation of his face need not be asked for. Mr. Quincy used to look like the incarnation of culture, and this portrait shows him as he was.—It is with regret that we note Part X. of the 'Roadside Songs of Tuscany' (John Wiley & Sons) as the last of this beautiful series. The text has been somewhat strikingly simple, but much of it has been interesting in its simplicity, and Miss Alexander's illustrations, with the delicate and tasteful binding, have made this little set of dainty books something unique in literature.—'The Science of the Mind applied to Teaching,' by U. J. Hoffman (Fowler & Wells Co.), seems to be a book on phrenology by one of the people who find great comfort in such comprehensive beliefs as that when the head is narrow, the person is mild, inoffensive, unselfish, averse to contention. Amusement, if not instruction, may be found in the illustrations. Some remarks at the end of the book on youthful composition seem more practical and helpful.

'BY-WAYS of Nature and Life,' by Clarence Deming (Putnam's Travellers' Series), is a collection of brief articles which appeared originally in the New York *Evening Post*. They cover a wide area with information, having been written during trips on two continents, extending over three years of time and eighty thousand miles of distance. They range in subject from 'Negro Songs' to 'The Bowery of London,' and from 'A Yankee Coon-Hunt' to 'Waterloo To-day,' and while not in style exactly what might be called fascinating, they form together a little encyclopædia of interesting facts.—The 'Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman,' by John Oldcastle (Catholic Publication Society Co.), is chiefly interesting to readers of a secular journal, not so much for the letters themselves as for the numerous portraits of His Eminence which the volume contains. The letters themselves are essentially the *Catholic* letters of the remarkable prelate whose exquisite 'Lead, Kindly Light' converted not only Lady Chatterton to Catholicism but has comforted thousands in gloom and difficulty—that is, the letters written after 'the event of 1845,' when John Henry Newman left forever the folds of the Anglican Church and became head of the Oratorians of Birmingham. These letters are characterized by all the grace, elegance and feeling which made Matthew Arnold name Newman as the first of living writers of English prose; and while they are often tantalizingly short and allusive, they abound in graphic glimpses of a great and noble soul—too great and noble to be insincere.

INTO 166 small pages, Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale, has compressed his well-known arguments against the protective tariff, and in favor of free trade (Holt). He calls the booklet 'Protectionism,' and gives it the sub-title 'The -ism Which Teaches that Waste Makes Wealth.' This terse wit characterizes the whole work, which is concise and telling. The whole argument occasionally branches aside into the realms of railleury and satire, if thereby its cogency may be strengthened. Free-traders will find the book a good tract, and protectionists will have to bestir themselves if they hope to answer it in kind. The preface, might well have been omitted—especially the third paragraph, which is needlessly bitter. An honest and strong opinion gains

nothing by discourteous presentation. The serviceableness of the volume is increased by a systematic table of contents and a good index.—BOOKS about books seem in increasing demand of late; and the fact is, perhaps, a sign of an increased taste for reading. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner wrote an article, some time since, in which he argued that, though this is called a 'reading age,' most people read very little. Those who wish to refute this charge will find a helpful literary guide in Mr. James Baldwin's 'The Book-Lover' (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.), with its plain chapters on the choice and right reading of books, the use of public and private libraries, courses of reading in various departments, etc. Mr. Baldwin adopts the right method in introducing many quotations from many writers; and he also shares the opinion of those who, unlike Mr. Lang in 'The Library,' believe in giving many and full lists of books to read. Not a few need such lists, but they often do harm by leaving the impression that there is a royal road to learning.

Mme. Durand-Gréville.

'HENRI GRÉVILLE,' the popular French novelist now visiting this country, was born in Paris, Oct. 12, 1842. Her maiden name was Alice Marie Celeste Fleury. When she was fourteen her father went to St. Petersburg to become a professor of the French language and literature in the University. Amongst the French professors in the law-school at St. Petersburg was one named Durand, and to him, in a few years, Mlle. Fleury was married. It was not till after her marriage that she began to write for the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*. This she continued to do up to the time (1872) when they left Russia and returned to Paris. Her reputation seems not to have preceded her to the French capital, for on her arrival there she had to overcome the indifference, if not the opposition, of almost all the leading editors. The 'Expiation de Savéli' was 'returned with thanks' by the *Patrie*, the *Petit Journal* and the *Journal des Débats*. The *Patrie* wanted 'a longer story, and one more gentle in tone.' Mme. Durand-Gréville accordingly went to work on 'Les Koumiassine,' and in six weeks handed the completed manuscript to the editor. 'Sonja' had appeared as a serial in the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*. The Secretary of the editorial staff of the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle* was told that he might reprint it for nothing. He said he had no room for it. Some years later Francisque Sarcey presented Edmond About to Mme. Durand-Gréville in the foyer of a Paris Theatre, and shortly afterwards 'Sonja' began to appear as a *feuilleton* in the *Dix-Neuvième*, of which About was the editor. The secretary, it seemed, had made a mistake as to the amount of space to spare in the columns of that journal; for there proved to be room, not only for 'Sonja,' but for 'Les Epreuves de Raïssa,' 'Marier sa Fille,' and others of this popular author's works. The last to appear there, before M. About's sudden death a year ago, was 'L'Ingénue.'

In June, 1876, a letter from the elder Buloz took M. Durand-Gréville to the editorial office of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. There he learned that the 'Expiation de Savéli,' which had been rejected by the daily papers, had been accepted and was to be published as a serial beginning the next month, and that a paper by M. Durand-Gréville himself—a study of a poet of Little Russia—was to appear later on. At the same time word was received of the forthcoming publication of Dostia in the *Journal des Débats*. From this time on, Mme. Durand-Gréville had no trouble in finding a market for her literary wares: on the contrary, she found it difficult to meet the demands upon her pen. Nothing but a teeming fancy and a facile hand enabled her to do it. 'Suzanne Normis' was written in twenty-three days. 'Les Koumiassine' was put on paper more rapidly than the novelist's husband could copy it out. Until recently she had written for the stage only four one-act pieces, but just before her departure from Paris, ten weeks ago, she completed a five-act play for the Odéon.

In addition to the works mentioned above, Mme. Durand-Gréville has published 'Nouvelles Russes,' 'La Princesse

Oghéroff,' 'La Maison de Maurèze,' 'A Travers Champs,' 'Ariadne,' 'Bonne Marie,' 'L'Amie,' 'La Niania,' 'Les Mariages de Philomène,' 'Un Violon Russe,' 'Lucie Rodey,' 'L'Heritage de Xénie,' 'Le Moulin Frappier,' 'Croquis,' 'Cité Menard,' 'Madame de Dreux,' 'Perdue,' 'Le Degrès de l'Échelle,' 'Le Fiancé de Sylvie,' 'Rose Rozier,' 'Une Trahison,' 'Le Vœu de Nadia,' and 'Louis Breuil.' These tales are all moral in tone if not distinctively so in purpose, and prove the possibility of interesting the lovers of French fiction, as well in France as abroad, in novels that do not deal with the seamy side of life. Mme. Gréville's Paris home was for a long while a cosy little house in a little garden on the heights of Montmartre. More recently she has lived in an apartment in the Quai Voltaire, not far from the house in which the great infidel expired. Her visit to Boston was a successful and a pleasant one, and her sojourn in this city promises to be equally agreeable. While she is looking about her and acquiring materials for future literary work, her husband is busily engaged in cataloging the French paintings owned in America; and Americans will doubtless be as much surprised as he has been, when they learn how great a number of titles the report will contain which he will present to the French Government.

Mme. Durand-Gréville will give a series of lectures in this city under the management of Major Pond. Their subjects will be Russian life and the author's views of the novel. They will all be delivered in English, and may include readings from those of the lady's works that are most familiar on this side of the Atlantic. The first will be given in Chickering Hall, though the subsequent ones may be delivered at the Lyceum Theatre in the morning.

The Rev. Henry N. Hudson.

REV. HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, LL.D., who died in Cambridge, Mass., last Saturday, at the age of seventy-two, is chiefly known as a Shakspearian editor and commentator. His first public appearance in this field of criticism was as a lecturer in Boston about the year 1844. His lectures were well received, and in 1848 were published in two volumes, a second edition of which was called for in less than a year. In 1851 he brought out an edition of Shakspeare in eleven volumes, patterned after the so-called Chiswick Edition. This is sometimes spoken of as the first critical edition published in this country; but that distinction belongs to Verplanck's illustrated edition, which was issued by the Harpers in 1847, but soon became a rare work on account of the destruction of the plates by fire. Mr. Hudson's first edition owed its reputation and success mainly to the introductions to the plays, in which he had incorporated the admirable criticisms on the leading characters from his lectures. The text was on the whole conservative, and the notes were for the most part compiled from Singer, Knight, and their predecessors of the last century. In 1870 Mr. Hudson published a School Edition of Shakspeare in three volumes, containing twenty-one of the plays with brief introductions and notes. The text was 'expurgated' by the omission of objectionable passages, and also by the substitution of euphemisms for single words 'not pronounceable in class.' These Hudsonian dilutions of the Shakspearian vocabulary were enclosed in brackets—an unfortunate device for exciting juvenile curiosity as to the original reading, which the editor had the good sense to drop in his school edition of twenty-three of the plays in separate volumes issued a few years later. This 'expurgation' was, moreover, carried to a rather squeamish extreme; as, for instance, in the familiar fable of 'the belly and the members' in 'Coriolanus,' where '[stomach]' appears ten times in the compass of a page or so in place of the obnoxious 'belly.'

In 1872 the substance of the old lectures was again recast and put into two volumes entitled 'Shakspeare: His Life, Art and Characters,' of which a second edition, with sundry

modifications and additions—especially in the discussion of 'Hamlet' and 'Henry VIII,'—appeared in 1882. This may properly be regarded as the *magnum opus* of the author, and one of the masterpieces of Shakspearian criticism. It certainly has no rival in native literature, and may well hold its own in comparison with the best foreign work in the same vein. It shows an insight into the characterization of the plays that is at once penetrating and sympathetic, while the style has a quaint raciness and vigor that are eminently the writer's own. In 1880 and 1881 Mr. Hudson brought out the Harvard Edition of Shakspeare in twenty volumes. This was in no sense a revision of the edition of 1851, but entirely new in the treatment of the text, in the introductory matter, and in the notes. The text, though professedly conservative, abounds in original emendations, very few of which appear to have commended themselves to leading scholars and critics. The introductions to the plays and poems are almost exclusively historical, the bulk of æsthetic comment which, as we have said, was the special attraction in the earlier edition, having been relegated to the 'Life, Art and Characters.' The notes are both explanatory and critical, the former being put under the text, while the latter, which are largely devoted to a defence of the editor's new readings, are placed at the end of the volume. The new School Edition, to which reference has been made, differs from this Harvard Edition only in the introductory matter and in the text, which is 'expurgated;' the notes are unchanged. The other published works of Mr. Hudson have been a volume of sermons, a 'Text-Book of Poetry,' a 'Text-Book of Prose,' and a 'Classical English Reader,'—all three made up of excellent selections for school reading with a few concise notes—and 'Studies in Wordsworth,' which was issued last year but appears to have attracted little attention.

The Passing of the Letters.

THE mail from the east, and the mail from the west—
A thunder of wheels—a rushing blast;
But the sleepy travellers never guessed
What voices arose as the two trains passed.
'Tell him you met me, tell him I fly!'
'That will I—tell her I stay not nor rest!'
Thus greeted Love's messengers speeding by,
One from the east, and one from the west.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Lounger

THERE is a rumor afloat, which has just reached my ears, that Mr. Julian Hawthorne and his brother-in-law, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, are about to start a weekly paper in this city, which shall be devoted to song and story. The idea, as I understand it, is to make a family paper on a plan not heretofore adopted. It is complained that there are no family weeklies that are not in part religious or political. This new one is to be neither. Its aim will be to entertain; and with two such entertaining writers at the helm it should have no trouble in sailing at once into popular favor.

ANOTHER rumor that reaches my ears is to the effect that Dr. Abbott is about to resign his position as editor of *The Literary World*, of Boston. The reason for this, as I understand it, is not that Dr. Abbott has had any disagreement with the publishers of the paper, but that he has received a call from a flourishing church in Detroit. Should he decide to accept this call, his editorial successor will probably be the gentleman who has long been associated with him as sub-editor.

MR. BOOKWALTER, whose collection of pictures is about to be sold, has made up his mind to turn his back upon the middle West and try the far East for a season. It is not that he is disgusted because he was not elected Governor of Ohio, but because he is enamored of the drowsy languor of the Orient. Like Col. Sellers 'Asia is his spot,' and he will live in dreamy India until he is tired of it. He has tried it and likes it very much.

The natives and their institutions interest him, and he finds the foreign population delightful. I can imagine no greater contrast than between the bustling excitement of an Ohio political campaign and the *dolce far niente* of the East. That the latter is congenial to Mr. Bookwalter's tastes shows that he is not of the material successful politicians are made of—which should be a matter of congratulation to himself.

MRS. CAROLINE GILMAN, now ninety-one years of age, who in her prime had quite a reputation as a poet, has just presented to the Harvard Annex a photograph of her husband, the late Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D., with the words printed underneath,
Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilee throng.

These words are from a poem written by Dr. Gilman in 1836, in the room of a house that was recently purchased for the pupils of the Annex. That room has been named 'Fair Harvard,' and the presentation of the photograph was in response to a request from the young ladies who wished to hang it there as a memento of the author of the song. Dr. Gilman wrote 'Fair Harvard' on the occasion of the second centennial anniversary of the founding of the College, and it has been sung at every Class Day and other University celebration since.

It is said that Archdeacon Farrar and the Rev. Mr. Haweis are preparing to lecture in England on what they saw in the United States, but that Bram Stoker, Mr. Irving's right-hand man on his two visits here, has got ahead of them, and, in the relation of his reminiscences, has paid a glowing tribute to American women and the manner in which they are treated by American men. The best page of some old work on chivalry seems to Mr. Stoker to have been taken by the gentlemen of New York 'as the text of their social law in this matter.'

THIS is a very pretty compliment; and so is that which a recent writer in *Le Figaro* pays the American girls, 'riches ou sans dot,' who marry French gentlemen. Every day, says the gallant journalist, these republican queens make brilliant alliances in the aristocratic world. 'The Princess Murat, mother of the Duchesse de Mouchy, is an American; American the Marquise de Chasseloup-Laubat, widow of the former Minister of Marine; American the Comtesse Olivier de Cheigné, wife of General de Charette; a daughter of the Mr. Ridgway of whom we have spoken above is known as the Comtesse de Ganay.' And these fair compatriots of ours not only prove to be as *distinguées* in bearing and as refined in nature as the high-born ladies of the circle in which they move, but (if their Parisian admirer is to be believed) they become—'quatre-vingt-dix-neuf fois sur cent'—model mothers and wives as well. *Figaro* gravely attributes the success of the American girl in Paris to her excellence in 'le boston'—that dance which to-day has no rival, and which is the most efficient auxiliary of flirtation.' But it was not because of her excellence in 'the Boston' that Prince Murat married Miss Fraser, over half a century ago, and took her to live in a little village in south Jersey, where her industry supported him in idleness till Napoleon III. called him back to France; nor does the best waltzer invariably make the best mother and wife. Your Parisian journalist is an entertaining creature, but his philosophy is not remarkable for its depth.

WHEN W. S. Gilbert was in this country, two or three years ago, a Mrs. Malaprop who met him, and probably mistook him for the musical partner of the firm of Gilbert and Sullivan, asked him a number of questions that revealed a plentiful lack of information on the subject of contemporary music, winding up with a query as to whether 'Batch' was composing anything just now. 'No madam,' Mr. Gilbert replied with perfect imperturbability; "'Batch'" hasn't composed anything for years. He's decomposing just now!' I heard this anecdote only a day or two ago, and don't remember to have seen it in print.

A FRIEND in Camden has been reading an old New Jersey weekly of Dec. 20, 1820, from which he sends me a paragraph headed 'News,' and dated New York, December 12:—'*Wolf hunt.* A wolf was discovered on this Island, near Stuyvesant's woods, on Wednesday last, and shot at, but not taken. He was seen again yesterday morning, and a party have gone in pursuit of the animal. Sport of this kind, within two or three miles of the City Hall, is a rare occurrence indeed.' 'After reading the above,' (says my correspondent), 'which I have no doubt is true, though the cry of "Wolf" is easy to raise, one makes a mental

apology for the British noblemen who, for at least thirty years after 1820, used to be the laughing stock of Americans because they expected to shoot buffalo on the outskirts of the city as soon as they landed in New York. There are no wolves within two or three miles of the City Hall to-day, but bulls and bears still abound in the heart of the city.'

THE following original bit of orthography, which a friend has just sent me, is dated 'Monoacy Junction, May 15, 18.75':—
Mr. ——. ithought iwould Rite to you to tell you that iam agont move amundy and iwant to see you be foor igo iwant you to Com to my house asunday with out fale. And dont fale to Coume and if you Cant Come, asunday com amunday. to Anson dobs, stop to Mr. Colness, and. he will tell you where he lives iwill be there amundy imove tuistay. town of luisbure and that is the Reson iwant to see you so yooers as Ever.

In Favor of Free Art.

THE artists of New York have caused a marked copy of THE CRITIC of Dec. 19, containing their protests against the art-tariff, to be sent to each Senator and Member of Congress, in the hope of enlisting his support of the movement for the tariff's removal.

Senator Evarts has presented to the Senate a protest against the duty on foreign works of art, which bears the signatures of Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor, and other well-known American artists resident in Italy.

'It is not at all likely that the absurd duty of thirty per cent on foreign works of art will be continued beyond the term of the present Congress. President Cleveland's very wise and very clear utterance in his Message, together with the protest of all the best artists of the country, can hardly be passed over unnoticed. Mr. Perry Belmont will make a special effort to get the duty removed, and even those who are the most uncompromising protectionists can hardly go so far as to say that an 'industry' that protests against being 'protected' shall be protected in spite of itself. It is almost incredible that, in the face of so much opposition, the duty should not have been taken off long ago. It has not been, and could never be, a source of any great income to the Government. It was always regarded by foreign artists as an insult to themselves and to art. It was a poor return for the splendid hospitality with which foreign art-schools of the best class have opened their doors to American students. How general was the opposition to the tariff on the part of American artists may be gathered from a letter which Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence sends to THE CRITIC, on behalf of the art committee of the Union League Club. He says that that committee some time ago 'made an effort to learn the sentiment of American artists, art institutions and teachers of art in the United States, on the subject of the art-tariff. The result of the canvass was as follows': 1197 artists were in favor of free art, 26 were in favor of ten per cent. duty, 7 were in favor of three per cent. duty, 33 were in favor of a specific duty, and 18 in favor of partly free art; and this from 1281 artists who responded to the circular. Of 154 art-teachers heard from, 148 were in favor of free art. In the face of these figures, and a similar, if not so intense, feeling on the part of the public, it must be an extraordinary body of law-makers who still retain the duty.'—*The Independent*.

'It seems an absurd thing to insist on protecting people against their protest, yet that is what Congress is doing in the case of American artists. Under any circumstances, considering the indebtedness of America to European art and artists, the present duty of thirty per cent. *ad valorem* on works of foreign artists could only be regarded as ill-considered, discreditable and offensive. When, however, such a tariff continues to be levied against the protests of the very men whom it is presumably intended to benefit, the conspicuous absurdity of the whole affair becomes apparent. That American artists do not want the protection which is insured them by the present duty is, we suppose, known in a general way by everybody who has cared to inform himself about their opinions. In order to procure action looking to the relief of our artists from this protective duty, however, it is necessary that something like a collection of representative opinion should be made and brought specially to the attention of Congress and the public. A praiseworthy move in this direction has been made by THE CRITIC, of New York, which has just published a large number of letters from American artists in favor of the abolition of the present duty. Among the communications published by THE CRITIC is one giving the result of an investigation made by the Union League Club of New York, re-

garding the opinions of American artists, art institutions and teachers of art in the United States on the subject of the art-tariff. It appears that out of 1281 artists heard from 1197 were in favor of free art and only 7 were in favor of the maintenance of the present duty.'—*Bradstreet's*.

Mr. Haweis on Dr. Holmes.

[*The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

IT was on Wednesday, November 4, 1885, at a reception given us by our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, at Boston, that I first met Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—a small spare man of some seventy-six years, with a genial, mobile face, lips seldom at rest, kind eyes, quick and penetrating. I told him that instead of allowing him to come out to see me I had been about to pay my respects to him. 'Well,' said he 'I don't go out much this weather. I suppose about my time of life one may expect to sit at home and be visited, like a Chinese god; but I have come out to see you.' O. W. H. talks just as he writes, and is just what he seems to be. He is always the Autocrat, or the Professor, or the Poet of the breakfast-table. 'The sound of our own voice,' he once said to me, 'is sweet; we all love it.' His mind is naturally prone to go back to that brilliant circle—Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Bryant, Whittier, James Russell Lowell—of which he himself was so subtle an ornament; but he never loses sympathy with the present. 'After a life like mine one may well live a little as pigs are said to do, on one's own fat. We certainly were a good circle in the old days. What a presence was Agassiz, with his flashing eyes so full of life, and genius, and insight, and eloquence! As for Hawthorne—such a contrast to him—he was as shy and retiring, like a blushing schoolgirl of fourteen. For a whole evening you could hardly get a word out of him in company; but then Margaret Fuller—rather dull as I think in her books—was a rare talker—over-rated though,' he added. 'Do you know I think I was always a little jealous of her? Perhaps I never did her quite justice. It began when we were children. We used to go to school together, and she got ahead of me. Once she wrote an essay beginning, 'Trite as may be the remark,' etc. She read it to me. I didn't know what 'trite' meant. She evidently did. I felt quite piqued and disliked her for her lofty superiority. Is it not absurd, the trivial little things that warp the mind and impress young children, and old ones too? As for Poe, he was really a poor creature—a very poor creature; he gave great offence at Boston, people were kindly disposed towards him, but he treated them infamously.' Holmes always stood a little outside the Emerson clique. 'Oh, as to Emerson,' he would say, 'he was an angel—so pure and sunny; but the stuff talked in his name about transcendentalism was insufferable; it has infected Boston ever since. The brainless littérateurs and charlatans that lived on his peculiarities and mimicked his language—it makes one sick to think of them. To him his style was native, it was clear, pure inspiration. We are too indulgent here in Boston to mere littérateurs; we do not see things in right proportion; we hardly know first-rate quality from second-rate,' and after a pause he added, 'No, nor fifth rate.' One afternoon we went in to see him. He lives in Beacon-street, and the back of his house commands a view of the sea and the sunset. His study table was strewn with letters. He began to describe with inimitable humor the way he was pestered by admirers. Yet I think he would miss them. He tossed me a letter asking for his autograph; he opened another requesting a sentiment; and a third wanting his opinion on some verses. 'I live,' he said, 'on interruptions; but what am I to do with the books people send me and urge me to read?' I told him what Stanley, the late Dean of Westminster, did with such presents; he wrote off a postcard with 'Dear Sir, I will not wait to open your book, but best thanks. A. P. S.' Holmes thanked me for the hint. I delighted to hear him talk about himself, his poems, and his varied experiences of admirers. He seemed to me about the most contented martyr to popularity I ever saw. He would complain of being made a butt of by every one who wanted a lift in art, literature, or lecturing; but I could see that few applied to him in vain. At times he would check himself lightly with, 'Dear me, I am talking of nothing but myself, like a garrulous old man that I am.' 'You will never grow old,' I said; 'the vigor and freshness of your soul will keep you young for ever.' 'Ay!' said he, 'young with a second childhood, through which, I suppose, we all must pass till we get washed clean, as I hope we shall be when we wake up by-and-by.' Although Dr. Holmes talked of sitting at home like a Chinese god, I certainly met him out several times—indeed, no choice assembly seemed complete without him, and wherever he was the talk was sure to be bright,

genial, good, and kindly. At a great reception given to Canon Farrar at the Brunswick Hotel I again found myself close to Oliver Wendell Holmes. 'Who is that bishop,' I asked, 'who just spoke to me?' 'Oh,' said Holmes, 'that is the well-known Bishop of —, and not at all a bad fellow either. I will tell you why I have a good opinion of him. I once saw him go up to two ladies in the street in the rain—he had on a brand-new hat. I happened to know those ladies. They were total strangers to him, but he offered them his umbrella and walked off in the rain, and quietly spoiled his hat. Now,' says Holmes, 'a man loves his hat—and a bishop's hat!' He paused; it was an awe-inspiring thought. 'Yes,' I cut in, laying my hand gently on the poet's arm, and holding him 'with my glittering eye'—

Wear a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks.
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.

I saw the author's eye kindle. 'Well,' said he, 'I had better be off now. I shall hear nothing better than that. I am in luck to-day; this is the second time since I have entered this room that I have had my own poems quoted to me.' 'Ah,' I said, 'you should have seen the electrical effect produced by those lines when I quoted them at the Royal Institution—the soundest sleeper awoke.' A few days afterwards I was fortunate enough to hear him read some of his own verses, 'Dorothy Q.,' 'Bill and Joe,' and one or two more, which have already become American classics. He prefaced them with one of those graceful impromptu introductions which at once proclaimed the practised lecturer. Holmes is an exquisite reader, the singularly sympathetic and vibrating voice rising at times into passionate but never unrestrained declamation or dying away into a trembling and pathetic whisper. When I heard the poet read, I could not help feeling that, facile and appropriate as may be the *vers d'occasion* for which he is so famous, he will take rank in poetic literature at the side of Longfellow and Bryant by virtue of such perfect and tender lyrics as 'Under the Violets' and 'The Voiceless.' Holmes is one of the most amusing after-dinner talkers imaginable, and the more he gets all the talk the better he talks, which does not prevent him from being a very good listener.

One night, at my friend Mr. J. Perkins's, he entertained us all with accounts of his early lecturing tours, when the managers of forlorn institutions tried to bate him down to a few dollars, when he had to walk miles over ploughed fields to reach some remote town, and then send his agent out into the highways and hedges to beat up an audience. 'Ay,' said he, 'things are changed now. You gentlemen come over here with your reputations made, and a literary public promising you fixed fees; in my young days no one had heard of me, and few people knew what a lecture was. There was no literary public: we had to create the taste, and uphill work it was I can tell you, but it had its adventure and its sweetness and reward. I can go back thirty, forty, years and remember the comfort and content of sitting in some outlandish inn after my lecture with a glass of hot punch and pipe, and my feet upon the mantelpiece, with my agent opposite me whom I could talk to or let alone as I pleased, and—' he added, his eyes twinkling with almost boyish exultation, 'my well-earned fee in my pocket!' He was very fond of Emerson, and I gather was much with him towards the close of his life, when his mind had entirely given way, and he could recollect nothing. 'His beautiful spirit,' he said, 'remained quite unclouded and serene,' although his memory was gone; latterly he would read a book without turning over the page, for by the time he had got to the bottom of it he had forgotten what he had been reading, and could begin all over again. 'After Longfellow's death,' said Holmes, 'as he lay in the chapel before the coffin lid was shut down, I went in with Emerson to take a last look at our poor friend. Emerson stood gazing at the quiet face for some moments. Then turning to me he said, "That is the face of a very amiable gentleman, but I do not know who he is." All his sensibility, his fine judgment, and taste remained unimpaired—only his memory was gone. Of all men that I have ever known he was the most serene and angelic down to the very end.' From another intimate friend of the great Concord philosopher I obtained a curious glimpse into Emerson's method of composition. He knew nothing thoroughly, was not at all logical, never defined his views, read nothing systematically, and often for long intervals read little; but he would go out into the woods and fields. 'I place myself in right and happy relations with nature,' he would say, 'and let thought come to me; when an idea strikes me I put it down in my notebook, and fortunate am I if in one morning or day I get a real

living thought of my own. When I wish to write upon any subject I consult my thought book, and select from it those thoughts which seem capable of being welded appropriately together. I work at the expression of them till I have reached what seems to me the best form, and so I leave them.' These fragments of Emerson's talk explained much to one who like myself for years had been a loving Emersonian student. The essays are gnomic and prophetic, not literary and rigidly connected. They abound in leaps and gaps of thought like Paul's Epistles; and there is no great reason why paragraphs out of one essay should not be neatly fitted into any other with good effect. The whole of Emerson is thus fragmentary; but so fertile and suggestive that, without a system, he has leavened most systems of contemporary philosophy, and sent thousands of ardent minds along new tracks of luminous thought. He seems to me, indeed, one of the greatest initial forces of the century, and in his pure and lofty 'transcendentalism,' his keen insight into the essence of things, his contempt of wealth, his severe analysis of life, shown in those flashes of intuition in which its spiritual heights and depths stand revealed, Emerson is the true and timely counterpoise to the hungry, money-getting materialism of America.

The Gospel of Haeckel and Renan.

[The Academy.]

HAECKELIUS LOQUITUR:

'The ages have passed and come with the beat of a measureless tread,
And piled up their palace-dome on the dust of the ageless dead,
Since the atom of life first glowed in the breast of eternal time,
And shaped for itself its abode in the womb of the shapeless slime;
And the years matured its form with slow, unwearying toil,
Moulded by sun and storm, and rich with the centuries' spoil,
Till the face of the earth was fair, and life grew up into mind,
And breathed its earliest prayer to its god in the dawn or wind,
And called itself by the name of man, the master and lord,
Who conquers the strength of flame and tempers the spear and sword;
For the world grows wiser by war, and death is the law of life;
The lowermost rock in the scar is read with the stains of strife,
Burst thro' the bounds of sight, and measure the least of things,
Plummet the infinite and make to thy fancy wings;
From crystal, and coral, and weed, up to man in his noblest race,
The weaker shall fail in his need, and the stronger shall hold his place!'

RENANUS LOQUITUR:

'Ah! leave me yet a little while, to watch
The golden glory of the dying day,
Till all the purple mountains gleam and catch
The last faint light that slowly steals away.
Too soon the night is on us; aye, too soon
We know the cloud is born of blinding mist:
The throne, whereon the gods sate crowned at noon
With ruby rays and liquid amethyst,
Is but a vapor, dim and gray, a streak
Of hollow rain that freezes in its fall;
A dull, cold shape that settles on the peak,
Icy and stifling as a dead man's pall.
The world's old faith is fairest in its death,
For death is fairer oftentimes than life;
No vulgar passion quivers in the breath:
The dead forget their weariness and strife.
Say not that death is even as decay,
A hideous charnel choked with rotting dust;
The cold white lips are beautiful as spray
Cast on an iceberg by the northern gust.
The memories of the past are diadem'd
About the brow and folded on the eyes;
The weary lids beneath are bent and gemm'd
With charmed dreams and mystic reveries.
Once more she sits in her imperial chair,
And kings and Cæsars kneel before her feet,
And clouds of incense fill the heavy air,
And shouts of homage echo thro' the street.
Or yet, again, she stretches forth the hand,
And men are done to death at her desire;
The smoke of burning cities dims the land,
And limbs are torn or shrivelled in the fire.

Once more the scene is shifted, and the gleam
Of eastern suns about her brow is curled :
Once more she roams a maiden by the stream,
Despised of men, the Magdalen of the world.

So scene on scene floats lightly, as a haze
That comes and goes with sudden gust and lull ;
Limed with the sunset hues of other days,
They are but dreams ; yet dreams are beautiful.

Current Criticism

GRANT AS REVEALED IN HIS MEMOIRS.—But if there is none of the Pepysian spirit of self revelation in his book, amends are made by the sharp, definite spirit of judgment which runs through it. That the writer was, like our own great soldier statesman, 'rich in saving common sense,' is written in every line of the book. In the lives of such men, no doubt, one element of interest is wanting. They give us few problems of character to solve, there is nothing complex nor contradictory, we never feel that we are looking at a drama of which the end is uncertain. Nor does Grant's life bring us into contact with many sides of life. His political views, as revealed to us in this book, are clear, definite, practical, but lay no special claim to originality or foresight. We learn from Grant's own confession that he had that taste which crops up in so many rather unlikely places—a voracious appetite for novel reading. His style, too, has a soundness and a clearness, a power of saying the thing needed without effort or emphasis, yet in the most effective way, which only comes to a man with some taste for letters. But it is clear that neither literature, art, nor abstract speculation had any real place in Grant's life. In such a character we see some of the abiding traces of the negative side of New England Puritanism. Such men are, perhaps, of all the best fitted to carry on the affairs of a democracy, though, unhappily, not always the best fitted to win its sympathy or its confidence.—*The Academy*.

MR. FAWCETT NOT INCISIVE ENOUGH.—The studies of society in New York which Mr. Edgar Fawcett has called 'Social Silhouettes' show that the Americans like laughing at themselves, but also that they do not like other people to laugh at them. But then Mr. Fawcett has chosen to be a satirist, and into his collection of twenty-seven characters has only put one with whom he appears to be in sympathy. The 'Anglo-maniac with brains' draws up a terrible list of reasons for preferring England to America, and even ventures to say that America is colonial. It is to be gathered from the opinions of the press printed on the fly-leaves of this volume that Mr. Fawcett's former works have been most favorably received by his countrymen. He has now been emboldened to tell them what he thinks to be the truth. Probably they will not much mind. Mr. Fawcett is not incisive enough ; in most of his sketches he does not go deeper than the mere froth of society. The studies are put into the form of anecdotes, and, as a rule, they are too long, and details which are not essential are over-elaborated. It is possible, too, that Mr. Fawcett hardly knows enough about England to justify him in making so many comparisons. Obviously he is not master of 'the English dialect,' as he represents English people saying 'I farncy' as their equivalent for 'I guess.'—*The Athenæum*.

A LEARNED NON-GRADUATE.—A very ripe scholar in what may be called the unconvenanted branches of knowledge is lost to us by the death of Dr. Birch. The Assyrian, Chinese and Egyptian languages are not included at Oxford or Cambridge, or any other English University, among the subjects for examination. They are not taught because they would not pay, we are always told. Why Latin and Greek can be made to pay better is probably a matter of pure accident ; but it seems likely that a long period may elapse before an arbitrary restriction of this kind is formally removed. The career of Dr. Birch shows that even the Universities can appreciate the merits of a scholar to whom Greek and Latin were objects of wholly secondary interest, who could read and translate Chinese easily, who was among the very first to decipher Chaldean inscriptions, and who was undoubtedly the most advanced Egyptologist in England—nay, we might say, since the death a few months ago of Dr. Lepsius, in Europe. He had never, if we are not mistaken, enjoyed the advantage of a University education, and entered the public service at the early age of twenty-one ; yet long before his death he was a D.C.L. of Oxford and an LL.D. of St. Andrews and of Cambridge, and an honorary Fellow of Queen's College. These

well-earned honors were conferred on him in acknowledgment of a proficiency in studies which none of these Universities recognize as within the sphere of human knowledge as taught by them.—*The Saturday Review*.

AN IMPETUS TO THE STUDY OF GOETHE.—The proposal to establish an English Goethe Society affiliated to the Goethe Society of Weimar deserves to meet with hearty support. Goethe is not, indeed, one of those writers who require co-operative elucidation. There is no need of a joint stock company to send divers down into his profundities in search of sunken treasures which are rumored or conjectured to be 'in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.' But there are two yet more valid reasons for the formation of a Goethe society. The first is that fresh material of the greatest interest, including both 'Dichtung' and 'Wahrheit' from the poet's life, is about to be given to the world, and that it should be the privilege as well as the duty of every Teutonic people to aid in this work. The second reason is that in these days of intellectual skipping and scrambling the study of Goethe is in danger of falling into neglect among us. The vogue given to classical German literature by Coleridge and Carlyle is dying away. Every one reads enough German to be able to dip into Heine and sing Schumann's settings of the 'Buch der Lieder,' but beyond this only a small percentage attempts to penetrate. It is time that a fresh impetus should be given to the systematic study of a poet who, whatever his personal greatness or littleness, stands shoulder to shoulder with Shakespeare and Dante in the literature of Europe.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Fine Arts.

Art Notes.

THE Bookwalter and Rogers collections of pictures now on exhibition at the Origies art-gallery contain a number of the old stand-bys of local art-sales and picture-shows of a popular character. Hugues-Merle's charming peasant-girl who looks like a princess, Boughton's 'Mayflower,' Carl Hoff's 'Unexpected Return' and Leutze's 'Iconoclast' are all familiar works of a literary cast. There are more good pictures in the collections than at first appears to be the case, but the trail of the local 'connoisseur' is over them all. Two charming examples of Hamon, a clever Maurice Leloir, a head of a man in a fur cap by Q. Becker, and two Isabeys are among the works to which a mind untrammelled by the literary pictorial tendency would give the preference. The best American picture is W. L. Picknell's 'Route de Concarneau,' a large work showing a stretch of Breton highway glowing white in the summer noon. The color, light, atmosphere and general feeling of this work are admirable. A decorative bit of color is a group of figures by Monticelli. Falero's 'Waiting Model' is well drawn and painted, but the artistic effect is lessened by the use of a red scarf as a decoration. Jean Beraud's 'Evening Party' is clever in a way, but it suggests a party below stairs rather than the 'high life' for which it is evidently intended. A good *genre*, showing two children warming a doll's hands at an open fire, is thoroughly Italian in character. The painter is G. Chierici. An important and carefully painted historical piece by C. E. Delort shows Louis XIII. seated among his dogs with Richelieu entering the room at the back. Mr. F. A. Bridgman's 'Cairo Donkey Boy' has more artistic quality than some of his more ambitious and elaborate compositions. A characteristic group of Orientals and their horses forms the subject of a Schreyer. It is fascinating in its totality but very weak in detail. The drawing does not bear critical inspection. 'Relating his Adventures,' by A. Gisbert, shows a young military man in the dress of the middle of the last century relating his hair-breadth escapes to a number of charming women. The figures are well posed and are full of life, the faces being very expressive. Belgian art is represented by a quaint archaic composition by J. D. Vriendt, called 'Story of the Battle,' full of mediæval feeling, very carefully painted and brilliantly decorative in color. The large Bierstadt 'The Rocky Glen' does not justify the painter's reputation as the leader in American landscape art.

—A clever and attractive picture by Jules L. Stewart, the well-known Paris-American painter, is now on exhibition at Reichard's. It is called 'The Hunt Ball,' and represents a ball given at the house of a prominent American banker in Paris. So many pretty girls and good-looking men are seldom seen together on canvas. Most of the faces are portraits. The men nearly all wear pink coats, and most of the girls are in white or pink tulle gowns, which are beautifully painted. The scene pre-

sented is that when the *cotillon* is at its height. The female heads, with their long throats and hair dressed high, are very attractive and show appreciative handling. There is some very 'smart' painting in this picture, of a kind that few Americans are capable of; yet it is not altogether French, and is certainly not imitative. 'The Hunt Ball' does not smell of the studio, as is the case with so many French-American pictures. Mr. Stewart, while holding fast to his artistic individuality, has remembered that he is also a man of the world. The kind of tact which has made this picture so agreeable is the possession of but few painters of any nationality. It is oftener found in France than elsewhere, but it is a personal quality, and has little to do with studios or exhibitions.

—A fine piece of stained glass now on exhibition at the establishment of the Tiffany Glass Co. is a large window executed for a house at Pittsburg. At a rough guess, the window measures ten feet in height and six or seven in width. It embodies a pictorial decorative design by Miss Dora Wheeler. The subject is a young woman feeding peacocks. Three peacocks in attitudes of expectancy are grouped about the girl, whose figure is seen in profile, advancing with garments flying in the wind, and bearing a vessel. The tails of the peacocks are very decoratively used. The design is somewhat conventional, and one could wish that the background had been composed in larger masses. The hollyhocks require a second look to be comprehended, and they rather belittle the composition. The general effect of color and tone is very good. The wide band of oak-leaves framing the picture—for such it really is—is extremely beautiful. In color it runs the whole gamut of the oak-leaf, from the pale green of early spring to the rich purples and browns of the dead leaf. It is warm and rich in tone, and treated in an admirable manner. In mechanical execution, the window leaves little to be desired.

—It is said that the owners of a number of pictures by Millais, which they contributed to the Millais exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, have found that they have been retouched, and in several instances entirely repainted and altered beyond recognition. The result has been a series of stormy protests. Sir John, it is said, admits that he himself retouched them, and has consented to restore them to their original state.

—Frank Fowler contributes some valuable 'Hints on Practical Drawing and Painting' to the January *Decorator and Furnisher*.

Notes

ON Thursday next the Senate Committee on Patents will give a hearing to persons interested in the cause of international copyright. Mr. Lowell, Mr. Howells, Dr. Howard Crosby, Mr. Clemens, Mr. A. G. Sedgwick, and other officers and members of the American Copyright League, will visit Washington in the interests of the American authors who approve the Hawley bill now before the Senate. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, Mr. Hawley's colleague, is Chairman of the Committee. Such an opportunity of presenting to Congress the views of the literary guild on this subject has never before been afforded.

—Mr. William Allen Butler's novel—the first literary work he has done in thirty years—will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is an American story, and deals largely with society—a subject that acts as a whetstone for Mr. Butler's keen wit.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have three novels on their list to be published early in the spring. They are 'A Daughter of Fife,' a story of the Scottish coast, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr; 'A Midnight Cry,' by Jane Marsh Parker, a story that touches on the Millerite delusion; and 'The Captain of the Janizaries,' a story of war and fighting, by James M. Ludlow.

—The Boston *Traveller* devotes half a column to guessing the originals of the characters in 'The Story of Margaret Kent,' by Henry Hayes. In the first place the writer guesses that Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirke is the author of the book, and then that Margaret Kent is the late Mrs. Kate McDowell (Sherwood Bonner), and that Mr. Bell is Mr. Longfellow.

—Mme. Adam is preparing to visit America for the purpose of studying our institutions and writing them up in the *Nouvelle Revue*.

—At the third concert of the Symphony Society last Saturday evening the public became acquainted with two exquisite bits of music by Edouard Lalo (a rhapsody and a scherzo, exceedingly dainty in invention and most tastefully scored), and a youthful American violinist, Miss Currie Duke, a daughter of Gen. Basil Duke, of Louisville. Miss Duke, who is but eighteen or nineteen years of age, studied first at home, and then for four years in Cincinnati with Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn, formerly first violin in

Thomas's Orchestra. At the Symphony Society concert she played Spohr's Ninth Concerto. In this she was not well advised, as she has neither the physical strength nor the artistic and emotional maturity to cope successfully with a composition which is a test-piece for veteran artists. Nevertheless she gave great pleasure by her evidences of good musical instincts and by the clearness with which she brought out the outlines of the composition.

—Mr. Astor's 'Valentino' has reached a fourth edition.

—Estes & Lauriat have in press an *édition de luxe* of the works of George Eliot, in twelve volumes. It will contain numerous etchings and photogravures.

—By special arrangement with Chatto & Windus, R. Worthington Co. will publish Mr. Swinburne's study of Victor Hugo in this country on Monday next, simultaneously with its appearance in England. The book is a small volume of about 230 pages, almost wholly eulogistic. 'Poet, dramatist, novelist, historian, philosopher, and patriot—the spiritual sovereign of the Nineteenth Century,' is the way in which Mr. Swinburne begins to treat the subject.

—The first number of *The Unitarian*, a religious monthly edited by Brooke Herford and J. T. Sunderland, and published at fifty cents a year by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, has just appeared.

—Mrs. Jackson's posthumous story, 'Zeph,' which Roberts Bros. announce, is a tale of frontier life in Colorado. The new volume in the Famous Women Series is a life of Rachel, by Mrs. Nina Kennard. Kathleen O'Meara's 'Madame Mohl' contains two likenesses of Madame Mohl (one from a sketch by Wm. W. Story, the other taken by herself), and a *fac-simile* of one of her letters. Roberts Bros. are the American publishers of Prof. Seeley's 'Short History of Napoleon I.'

—We regret the death in its early prime of *Every Other Saturday*, a Boston periodical edited by Mr. Horace P. Chandler. If Mr. Chandler intends to continue in journalism, the experience he has had will not be thrown away.

—A sketch of General Lee by Alexander H. Stevens, written shortly before the latter's death, will appear in *The Southern Biographer* for February, together with an article by Judge Gayarré describing an interview he held in 1866 with Wm. H. Seward, relative to the reconstruction of the Southern States.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce a 'History of the English Constitution,' in two volumes, by Rud. Gneist, translated from the German by Philip A. Ashworth.

—Mr. Whittier contributes a poem, 'The Homestead,' to the forthcoming *Atlantic*.

—An account of the operations for the removal of Flood Rock has been written for the February *Popular Science Monthly* by Gen. John Newton, who originated the plan and directed the work. It will be fully illustrated.

—A reception in honor of Miss Edith M. Thomas at Mrs. Botta's last Saturday evening was largely attended by the literary people of New York.

—Mr. Edwin D. Mead is to deliver a course of four lectures on 'The American Poets'—Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson—on Monday evenings, beginning January 25th, in All Souls' Church (Rev. Dr. Newton's). The lectures are under the auspices of the Literature Class of the church.

—Dr. John Lord, the veteran historical lecturer, whose name has been a household word for nearly two generations, arrived at his seventy-fifth birthday and the fiftieth anniversary of his public lecturing on Dec. 27. He is still hale and hearty, and lives very comfortably in his picturesque stone cottage at Stamford, Conn. While not lecturing so constantly as in former years, he yet manages to give two or more successful courses every season in the large cities and college towns.

—The 180th anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth was celebrated with a dinner at Delmonico's on Monday evening by the Typothetae of the City of New York. The venerable printer, Wm. Martin, presided. Among those who took part in the celebration were E. C. Stedman, S. L. Clemens, Will Carleton and J. R. Osgood. According to the newspaper reports, it was a 'jolly crowd.' 'They called the waiter "Minion"; dubbed the *entrées* "M quads," because they filled out the spaces, and the heavier courses "slugs"; while the dignitaries on the dais were playfully referred to as "display heads." Speeches were made by President Martin, Isaac H. Bailey, S. L. Clemens, ex-Gov. Rice of Massachusetts, Rev. Dr. Paxton and Mr. Stedman. The latter replied to the toast 'The Author,' and said, among other things: 'We professional authors are looking for

spoils, and we haven't yet gotten our fair share. The publisher takes 60 per cent. of the proceeds, gives 30 to the printer, and generously leaves the author 10. The only safe plan for us is to turn publisher, like Mark Twain. The successful authors nowadays are the first ladies of the land, the anonymous writers of "Bunting Balls," or the hollow jesters we are pleased to call American humorists.

—Among the latest announcements of Ticknor & Co. are: 'The Life and Genius of Goethe,' lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy for 1885, edited by F. B. Sanborn and W. T. Harris; 'Poets and Problems' (Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning), by George Willis Cooke; 'A Stroll with Keats,' by Frances Clifford Brown, illustrated; 'Indian Summer,' 'Italian Poets' and 'A Sea Change; or, Love's Stowaway,' a comic opera, by W. D. Howells; 'Songs and Ballads of the Old Plantations,' by Uncle Remus (J. C. Harris); 'Every-Day Religion' and 'Light on the Hidden Way,' by the Rev. Freeman Clarke; a uniform set, in four volumes, of the works of Mary Clemmer, together with a memorial of her ('An American Woman's Life and Work') by her husband, Edmund Hudson; 'The Sphinx's Children and Other People's,' by Rose Terry Cooke; 'The Prelate,' by Isaac Henderson; 'Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints,' by Clara Erskine Clement and Katherine E. Conway; 'The Olden-Time Series,' by Henry M. Brooks; 'Edge-Tools of Speech,' by Maturin M. Ballou; 'John Bodewin's Testimony,' by Mary Hallock Foote; 'A Romantic Young Lady,' by Robert Grant; and 'Two College Girls,' by Helen D. Brown.

—In 'Donna Diana,' a comedy remotely adapted from the Spanish of Moreto by Dr. Westland Marston, and produced at the Star Theatre, Mme. Modjeska gives one more example of her wide versatility and polished art. The piece itself is of little or no value, although praised with characteristic recklessness in some of the daily newspapers, being extremely thin in texture, slipshod in construction, and turgid in literary style. Without an actress of consummate ability and tact in the part of the heroine, it would excite very little interest. Modjeska fills it with grace, brilliancy and feeling. The character which she assumes is that of a princess with every feminine charm save that of tenderness, which has been killed by self-esteem. Her lover, after failing to reach her heart by any of the ordinary shifts of love, follows the advice of a friend, and opposes assumed indifference to the fair one's scorn. Diana, surprised at first, then piqued and finally angered, employs every device to re-enslave him, and in the assault upon his heart loses her own. The gradual transformation of the frigid prude into the loving woman is revealed with wonderful subtlety. There are no attempts at startling contrasts, which are the common expedients of shallow performers, but the effect is wrought by the most delicate niceties of light and shade. The methods are those of the most refined comedy. The anxiety and suffering of the woman are manifested by an infinite variety of gesture and facial expression, but the expression of emotion is never permitted to become so violent as to lessen the dignity of the princess. The attention to detail is extraordinary, as in all Modjeska's work, but the spectator is never conscious of effort or over-elaboration. He sees a lovely woman, waging an unequal contest against the promptings of her own heart, and the illusion, so far as she is concerned, is so perfect that he does not stop to consider the means by which it is created. This is the supreme test of great acting, especially in a case like this in which there is little or nothing in the art of the dramatist to stir the imagination and everything depends upon the illustrative powers of the interpreter.

Publications Received.

Andrews, S. J. God's Revelations, etc., \$2.50. N. Y.: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Argument of Att'y-Gen'l of U. S. on Star Route Conspiracy. Phila.: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.
Bascom, John. Problems in Philosophy, \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Beckwith, —. Euripedes's Bacchantes, \$1.15. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Bookbinder, The. Vol. II, 1885. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Collyer, Robert. An Idyl from Nantucket. New York: T. R. Knox & Co.
Fergusson, Alexander. The Laird of Lag. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Field, Michael. The Father's Tragedy, etc., \$1.75. New York: H. Holt & Co.
Greville, H. Cleopatra, \$1.25. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Harding, —. Greek Inflection, 55c. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hay, M. C. Lester's Secret, 30c. New York: Harper & Bros.
Hosmer, J. K. The Story of the Jews, \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
How to be Happy though Married, \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Lee, H. & S. Canterbury Tales, 3 vols., \$3.75. Boston: Houghton, M. & Co.
Leon (de) N. Ponce. Diccionario Tecnológico, T. to Z, 50 c. N. Y.: N. P. de Leon.
Lotze, H. Outlines of Psychology. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Maine, H. S. Popular Government, \$2.75. New York: H. Holt & Co.
Metcalfe, Henry. Cost of Manufactures. New York: J. Wiley & Sons.
Montgomery, —. Leading Facts of English History, \$1.12. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Nation, The. Index to Vols. 31-40. Bangor, Me. Q. P. Index.
Oliphant, M. O. W. A Country Gentleman, 30c. New York: Harper & Bros.
Robertson, —. The Louisiana Purchase, 50c. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Scherer, W. History of German Literature. 2 vols., \$3.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Shedd, W. G. T. Doctrine of Endless Punishment, \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Starrett, H. E. Letters to a Daughter, 75c. Chicago: Jansen, McC. & Co.
Thayer, S. H. Songs of Sleepy Hollow, \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Thompson, The Humble Poets, \$2. Chicago: Jansen, McC. & Co.
Thyme, Justin. Vapid Vaporings. Notre Dame, Ind. Scholastic Pub. House.
Varley, J. P. Sylvian, a Tragedy, and Poems, \$1.25. New York: Brentano Bros.
Vick's Floral Guide. Rochester, N. Y. James Vick.
Williams, J. Principles of Law of Real Property, \$5. Phila.: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co.
Zeller, Edward. Outlines of Hist. of Greek Philosophy, \$1.75. N. Y.: H. Holt & Co.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1091.—1. Is there any English translation, and if there is, by whom is it published, of the last three volumes of Renan's 'Origins of Christianity,' of which the 'Life of Jesus' was the initial volume? The second was to treat of the apostles and down to A. D. 100, the third of Christianity under the Antonines, and the fourth of Christianity under the Syrian emperors.
—2. Is there any English translation of Plutarch's 'De Iside et Osiride'?
—3. By whom is an English translation published of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus'?
—4. By whom were the Hibbert Lectures founded? What are their scope and purpose? How many series have been delivered, and by whom are they published?
—5. What is the address of Mr. Coombes, mentioned in your issue of Oct. 24 as publishing a special edition of Tauchnitz in half red morocco? What is thought critically of the historical value and accuracy of H. H. Bancroft's works, especially those relating to Mexico and Central America? Is there a New York agent of A. L. Bancroft & Co.?

ELIZABETH, N. J.

C. E. D.

[1. Since 'La Vie de Jésus' (1863), which was Vol. I. in 'L'Histoire des Origines du Christianisme,' there have appeared: II. 'Les Apôtres,' 1866; III. 'Saint Paul,' 1869; IV. 'L'Antechrist,' 1873; V. 'Les Évangiles et la Seconde Génération Chrétienne,' 1877; VI. 'L'Eglise Chrétienne,' 1879; VII. 'Marc Aurèle,' 1883; and an 'Index Général,' 1883. Translations of I.-III. have been issued in America by G. W. Carleton (1863-69). We do not know of any further American reproduction.—3. We do not know that a translation of Strauss's 'Leben Jesu' has been published in America, with the exception mentioned below. The original work (fourth edition) was translated and published in England (Chapman, 3 vols.) in 1846, and probably earlier, for we find a partial reprint, professedly taken from an English edition, whose title-page bears the words: 'American Edition New York. Republished by G. Vale. At the Beacon office, 94 Roosevelt Street. 1845.' The later (rewritten) book, 'Der Leben Jesu für das Deutsche Volk' (1864), was translated and published in London (second edition, 2 vols., Williams & Norgate, 1879). Scribner, Welford & Armstrong imported some copies of the work.—3. The Hibbert Lecture was established in 1878, at the suggestion of Martineau, Dean Stanley, and others, by the Trustees of the Hibbert Fund. This was a sum of money bequeathed to Trustees by Robert Hibbert, who died in 1849, to be used 'in the way most conducive to the spread of Christianity, in its most simple and intelligible form, and to the unfettered exercise of private judgment in matters of religion.' The Trustees had large discretion, and for years applied the income of the fund to the 'higher culture of students for the Christian ministry.' The lectureship was established, as above mentioned—or, at least, the first course was given—in 1878, and a course has been given annually since. We append a list, with American publishers, as far as we know them, of the lectures thus far delivered: 1878, 'Origin of Religions, Illustrated by the Religions of India,' by F. Max Müller. 1879, 'Religion of Ancient Egypt,' by P. Le Page Renouf. 1880, 'Rome and Christianity,' by E. Renan. 1881, 'Origin and Growth of Religion, illustrated by Buddhism,' by T. W. Rhys Davids. 1882, 'National Religions and Universal Religions,' by A. Kuenen. 1883, 'Reformation of the Sixteenth Century,' by C. Beard. 1884, 'Native Religions of Mexico and Peru,' by A. Réville. 1885, 'Influence of the Apostle Paul on the Development of Christianity,' by O. Pfleiderer. The Lectures of 1878, '79, '82, '84 and '85 were published by Charles Scribner's Sons, that of '80 by Osgood, and of '81 by the Putnams. For further information as to the founding of the lectureship, see Preface to Müller's lecture (as above), and as to Hibbert and his plan, see 'Life of Robert Hibbert,' by Jerome Murch, 1874.—5. Mr. Coombes's address is 15 East 17th Street, New York.—6. It is difficult to determine Mr. H. H. Bancroft's merits as a writer, for no one knows just how much or how little of his works is of his own composition. But of their value as collections of historical data there can be no doubt. Mr. Bancroft is doing a great work.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1085.—'Pope or President' was published in 1859, at No. 508 Broadway, New York, by R. L. Doherty, by whom it had been entered according to Act of Congress at Washington in 1858. It refers to the book and page of more Romish authorities than any one work of the kind known of, yet few of the reading or thinking community have ever read it. I have a copy, but it is not for sale. It is a cheap and not scarce book, and 'H' can find it in some of the secondhand bookstores in your city.

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C. H. M.

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